





*My name  
is Takashi  
NOZOMA (28).  
I'm a contract  
reporter for  
the Weekly AGE.*



*Or rather, to be  
more precise,  
I was a reporter.*



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ISEPAN ISEPAN

働きの男  
HATARAKU OTO  
Running Man  
逃げマン  
VOL.12

*and arrived  
at a place  
completely  
unrelated to  
where I needed  
to be.*



and  
slacked off.

I tossed aside  
the work I'd  
received for  
an incredibly  
urgent ongoing  
project.

ALSO  
I'LL TAKE  
A NAP UNTIL  
MORNING.

YOSH  
I'LL DO  
WHATEVER  
YOU WANT  
I WANT

LET'S GO  
OFF WITH A  
SMALL TEAM



*It's fine  
this way*

*I've got  
nothing to  
do with  
them now*

*I'm free from  
that eating  
division  
battleground*



HOW  
ALREADY  
USE A TAPE  
RECORDING?

I'VE GOT  
THE TAPE  
FOR EIGHT  
PEOPLE AND  
THREE OF THEM  
TRACKED?



SHIT ... I  
CAN'T FALL  
SLEEP.



IT'S ALL  
'CAUSE I CAN'T  
STOP THINKING  
ABOUT THAT  
STUPID TAPE





There's a long road ahead of me before I'd be allowed to write articles under my name.

THE GUY DOESN'T GET ANY MORE, TOO MUCH.

YES, SIR.

ALSO, ABSOLUTELY ZERO INFO YOU NEED FROM THAT.

DO IT! YOU DON'T GO OFF AND BRAG ABOUT AT DATA YOURSELF, THE OTHERS!! - SHIP SHIP - (BY THE WAY, YOU!)



I did the preliminary investigation. I took the data. I went to collect material on-site. I wrote articles.

So until then, I did whatever I could for whichever editor's proposal I was helping out with.



IT'S GREAT THAT YOU'LL DO ANYTHING FOR HIM!

HE'S A REALLY LUCKY GUY, ESPECIALLY IN THESE DAYS.

OH, NO? I'M FREE? I'LL DO IT!

OH, I'M SORRY AND YOU JUST RIGHT NOW?

NOPE!! IF YOU DON'T WANT, GO AWAY!!



*I believed  
that if I gave it  
my all one day  
I'd be able to  
write my own  
proposal.*

*...which would  
then lead onto  
one article  
after another.*



*The  
underdog  
will always  
be the  
underdog.*

*I wonder...  
if I can  
still make  
it in time.*

*...is an  
ideal, not  
reality.*

*I wish they'd  
helped me that  
day in the  
company's no  
department.*

*I mean...  
that was how  
things worked.*

*The idea that  
you were  
rewarded in  
proportion  
to how much  
you did...*









EVEN IF I  
HAVE TO WRITE  
THE WHOLE  
THING OVER  
AND OVER  
AGAIN!

AND I MEAN...  
PLEASE TELL ME  
THAT I'D FIX IT  
RIGHT AWAY!

Ah... Yeah.  
THE ORIGINAL  
WAS HARD TO  
UNDERSTAND.



THIS ISSUE  
— HAD THE  
ARTICLE I  
WROTE IN IT.

YOU USED  
MY ARTICLE  
AS A BASE.



"Do you'll let me  
take on heaps  
of your work  
but you won't  
let me rewrite  
my article?"

The  
words were  
practically  
crawling up  
my throat.



I'M SORRY  
BUT HE DIDN'T  
HAVE THE TIME  
OR EFFORT TO  
SPARE TO LET  
YOU REWRITE  
THE PIECE.

WRITE  
SOMETHING  
THAT CAN BE  
USED RIGHT  
NOW FOR THE  
NEXT TIME.



OH,  
THANKS.

THE  
EXPERT-ON-CUES  
HAPPY AGAIN!  
GODDAMN THANKS  
ABOUT YOUR  
ARTICLE LAST  
WEEK!

How long  
do I have  
to stay  
stuck with  
collecting  
data?!

Just when I  
was finally  
able to write  
my own  
article?!



To Matsukata-san,  
I'm really sorry for  
causing so much trouble last time.  
I've lost sight of myself doing all  
the gal or work at this dead end job.  
To tell you the truth, I've always

To Matsukata-san,

I'm going  
on a  
journey.

Nojima





*all of them working  
their asses off to  
send page after page  
down to the presses.*



*I'll go on a  
journey.*

*and the editing  
department  
will be the same  
as usual.*





BUT THEY SAY  
THAT THE GAMING  
PUT THEIR LIVES AT  
RISK AND FIGHT TO  
THE DEATH OVER  
ONE MEALY PIECE  
OF TERRITORY

YOU MEAN  
IT'S WRONG?

ALL THE  
MONEY YOU  
WASTED WENT  
WASTED, FOR ME

IT REALLY  
FEELS LIKE  
THEY'RE NOT  
FIGHTING  
ABOUT US, IT  
FEELS LIKE  
THEY'RE NOT



They're all  
like that in  
the editing  
department.

And then  
they'd take the  
credit for the  
whole piece.

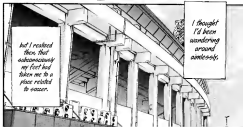
The others  
would just  
make their  
changes without  
even saying  
word to me.



Ever since  
then, that  
was how  
I've always  
written the  
phrase.



Matsumoto-san  
was one of the  
better ones.





*I wanted  
to become  
a reporter  
that covered  
the articles  
on cancer,*



*but as I was  
piled with work  
for days on end,  
my goal changed  
to "getting an  
article out under  
my name."*

HEARD HER  
ABOUT THAT  
"SO PEOPLE"  
ARTICLE

*and then to  
"finishing  
this week's  
work."*

HOW DIDN'T  
HAVE TO  
WRITE  
ANYTHING  
FOR IT

JUST  
TRANSCRIBE THE  
DATA AND THE  
TAPES, PLEASE.











GA... I  
HOPE HE'S ON  
AND IT'S NOT  
SLACKS OR  
ANYTHING...

SHE SPOKE,  
BUT...

AND YOU  
ASKED HIM  
TO DO SOME  
WORK, RIGHT,  
AUTOMATIC?

HE... MAYBE  
HE SUDDENLY  
DON'T WANT  
TO DO THIS  
ANymore?

WHAT? JUST  
LAST WEEK  
HE'D SHOW UP  
TO WORK AS  
USUAL WITH A  
BREAK FOR  
BREAKFAST!



SMILE

A JOURNEY?!  
I'M THE ONE  
WHO WANTS TO  
GO OUT ON A  
JOURNEY!



HIS CELL  
PHONE IS OFF  
SHOULD I TRY  
CALLING HIM  
HOME, TOO?

HE'S THE  
JOURNEY  
MASTER IN  
THE WHOLE  
FUCKING  
WORLD!

...HE  
KNOWS  
THE AND  
HE STILL  
BLACKS  
OFF!

WE'VE BEEN  
WORKING OUR  
ASSES OFF TO  
KEEP UP WITH  
STUFF EVER SINCE  
KAWAKURA-SAN  
COLLAPSED...

PLEASE  
DON'T  
SPEND  
YOUR  
MONEY  
HERE!

SMILE



RUN AWAY AND  
EVERYTHING  
WILL ALL BE  
EASIER.

IF YOU THINK  
ABOUT IT,  
MATSUKATA  
SHOULD BE  
THE ONE WHO  
WANTS TO RUN  
AWAY IN THIS  
SITUATION...



...IT  
WON'T BE  
EASIER.



I THINK.

AFTER  
YOU RUN,  
THINGS'LL  
JUST GET  
HARDER,





*What is this  
dark gloom I  
feel settling  
over every inch  
of my body?*



*Shouldn't  
I be free  
now?*

YOU HAVE  
TEN NEW  
MESSAGES

BEEP  
YOU CLIPPING  
OFF ALL  
CONTACT  
WITH US IS  
CAUSING US  
TROUBLE

DON'T  
GIVE ME  
THIS SHIT!  
BEEP

BEEP  
BEEP  
BEEP

GM - THIS IS  
HASHIMOTO  
PLEASE CALL  
ME BACK WHEN  
YOU CAN



*Guilt?  
It's not  
like I did  
anything  
wrong!*

*What  
is this  
guilt?*

*Why is  
it so  
hard?*

THIS IS  
BASTARDY!  
YOU CAN STILL  
MAKE IT IF YOU  
COUGH COUGH

ANYWAYS  
PLEASE CALL  
ME BACK

YOU'RE NOT  
PICKING UP?  
TSK  
BEEP BEEP



*but even  
that's ~~not~~  
stuff for  
transcribing.  
She even said  
not to write any  
articles on it.*

SHIT...



*If I had to  
name what I  
did wrong,*

*then drawing  
Matsukata's  
materials to the  
side is about the  
only thing I can  
think of.*

*It's pressing  
in on me,  
compressing  
me,  
like it's saying,*

*like it's  
trying to  
erase my very  
existence.*

*The dark  
gloom around  
me's gradually  
blurring with  
my figure.*

*"You've never  
existed in the  
first place."*











*I just  
wanted...*



*...something  
to affirm my  
existence.*





*Such naïve  
thoughts  
vanish in a  
flash...*

*...before  
the face  
of such  
completely  
inhuman  
anger.*



**'HELP?!'  
'HELP' MY  
ASS!**

**THIS IS  
YOUR  
WORK!**



*When I  
came to my  
senses  
after that  
mad dash.*



*CONVINCE*

*SHOUT...*



*I realized that  
Matsukata-san's  
pursuit was her  
"putting her life  
on the line to  
protect her  
territory."*

*and I'd ... put  
my all into  
getting away  
from her.*



*Takeshi Hayama*  
(28)  
*Unemployed*  
*Formerly a contracted*  
*reporter for*  
*the weekly Age*  
*magazine.*

THAT WAS  
ONE OF THE  
REASONS WHY  
I DID WHAT  
I DID, TOO.

BUT  
SHE WAS  
PROBABLY  
FEELING  
CORNERED.

TO TELL YOU  
THE TRUTH, I  
DON'T THINK  
THERE REALLY  
WAS A NEED  
TO GET THAT  
ANGRY.



WELL...  
I THINK  
THAT'S  
WHERE

I WAS TOO  
NAÏVE.

SHE WOULDN'T  
GO THAT FAR  
IF IT WASN'T  
SCARING  
SHE LOVED.



THEY  
LITERALLY  
SHINED IN  
THE DARK.

IT WAS  
REALLY  
SCARY.

BUT  
SERIOUSLY...  
HATSUKITA-SAN'S  
BYES WERE  
PRETTY...